

Pray for
The Souls
In Purgatory—
Those You Know,
And Those You
Don't Know

RESTORATION

The Soul
You Help
The Most
May Be
Your Very
Own

VOL. IX.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—NOVEMBER, 1956

No. 11.

Must Christ Again Wait In The Snow For Food?

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alta. — A little over a year ago a drunken man stopped me on my way through the dining room. He asked: "How come you people still feed me? I have come here now six times . . . always drunk . . . and no one has even shown any disgust."

Upon being assured that even people who are sick with alcoholism are entitled to food, he looked puzzled and left. He started coming regularly for meals, still always under the influence of alcohol. Then we missed him for a few weeks.

One Sunday afternoon he arrived at our back door, and begged that we have him institutionalized. He desired to stop drinking. He had been on skid row for ten years. He had tried to stop, but had never succeeded. Could we help him?

We did what we could, got him in touch with Alcoholics Anonymous. We got a bed for him, so he would no longer have to sleep under the High Level Bridge. We found suitable clothing for him so that he could walk the street without shame.

A Pitiful Fight

For three days, at a tremendous effort to himself, he remained sober.

On the fourth day he did not show up. It was not until he sorely felt the need of food that he reappeared. He continued to come for food, and he continued to drink. Finally the police picked him up as an incurable drunkard and sent him to jail.

When he came out, contrary to his usual custom of looking first for a drink, he came to Marian Centre looking for help to remain sober. This time he spoke of God, and of his need of God for continued sobriety. He was sober two weeks, but during this time he found employment working at different houses by the day, washing windows, putting up storm windows, gardening, etc.

Seven times he tried. Six times it lasted not much longer than two weeks. The seventh time was three months ago.

He now frequents the Sacraments regularly. He is employed full time in a place where his problem is understood. For the first time in eleven years he has no fear of not having a roof over his head at night. He is enrolled in the Matt Talbot Legion and wears Matt's medal, and Our Lady's. When his day's work is done, he comes back to Marian Centre and does volunteer work for us.

God Helped Him

It has taken over a year of struggling, fighting, falling and picking himself up again to arrive at the peace he now has. Never did he stop hoping and trusting in God. Never did he lose faith that if he persevered in prayer and in his attempts, God would grant him his longed for sobriety. He believed fully that God walked with him at all times and frequently repeated, "You know God doesn't leave me even when I am drinking."

His fight is not yet over. There are still many dangers and pitfalls ahead. So we beg you to join your prayers to his and ours that he may continue to serve God as he is now doing.

As you already know we had planned to build this fall. It is now too late to start, as frost may set in anytime. Besides, we still lack the required amount of money to start our building with.

Twenty-three thousand meals were given out from January to July of this year and clothing was distributed to over five thousand of Christ's Poor during the same period. And our needs have grown.

Christ In The now!

Our lack of adequate space is more sorely felt in the winter-time than in the summer, as the men can sit out in our yard under the trees on a warm summer day. But in winter they must stand in line, in the snow!

People often ask if we have many repeaters, and I thought perhaps many of our readers might have the same question in their minds. The answer is, we have approximately seventy men who come twice daily, and who will probably continue to do so as long as their health permits them to walk from their rooms to

Marian Centre. These Brothers Christopher, who are now dearly familiar to us, are mostly old and sick men. Due to their age and illness they are actually unemployable.

There is old Dick with his Cockney accent and his cheery wit. He couldn't do a day's work if he tried. But he never forgets to make things merry with one of his jokes.

There is our friend Jess, who is not as fortunate as Dick, for being crippled with arthritis, there are many times he cannot make the short walk of three blocks.

Old men and tired men coming, not always for food or clothing, but frequently only for a cup of tea and the comfort of being in a friendly atmosphere! How our hearts long for the day when there will be room enough for them to sit around in comfortable little groups. Christ is in every one of them, and we can do so little for Him now.

These are our repeaters; and it is our sincere prayer that Our Lady will allow them to be with us until her Divine Son calls them to Himself.

SAINT GOUPIL'S

By

Catherine Doherty

The strangest things happen at Madonna House. I am quite used to their happening too. In fact if they did not happen with the utmost regularity, and if their irregular strangeness were not to come forth, say every two, three hours or so, I would begin to doubt this WAS the Madonna House apostolate and Secular Institute in the making.

Yet I must confess that such a simple thing as choosing St. Goupil as the patron saint of the men's new building has made life most interesting and also somewhat complicated.

What? Problems?

You remember of course, from last month's Restoration, that I had a big problem. That was that men's vocations to our Institute were still flowing in, and the requests of various Ordinaries in Canada, the U.S., and other countries, were showing no signs of decreasing, while money to house the men coming to be trained to meet those Bishops' requests, WAS NOT FLOWING IN.

You remember too, that St. Goupil told me why it was a problem in the first place and invited St. Joseph and St. Anthony to help increase his purse. And maybe you recall that I believed myself, then, problemless.

Or so I thought!!! Within a few days after my conversation with St. Goupil, an anonymous donor gave us all of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS. Our joy was truly spilling over that day.

We called in our good contractor, Mr. Ken Carl, who learned long ago the strange ways of Madonna House in our building, and in our payment of bills. He too speaks now quite easily of "talking to God, Our Lady and the saints." And he does not mind building, bit by bit, anything from a chapel to a kitchen.

A New Problem — Costs

He came speedily, and smilingly listened to the whole story of St. Goupil's purse. Then he grew serious, as contractors are wont to do, and suggested we get back to earth, for a while at least, and talk about the details of the building. This is always a very painful moment to us (though a happy one too) for contractors are such practical people! I guess it is because they have to deal

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A Love Letter To Almighty God

By

Eddie Doherty

Dear Lord God, Maker and Giver of all things by which mankind is blessed, millions of people in North America take this season of harvest as a time for giving You public thanks.

The custom, in the United States, began with the Pilgrims. You know that better than I do, of course. You were there when it began. I mention it only for the benefit of those reading Our mail. You had given them bountiful crops, and had protected them from the Indians, from the rigors of the climate, and from other evils. And they were, I believe, sincerely grateful to you.

Open — Delicatessen

The day grew into an annual festival, even with presidential proclamations, the closing of post offices, banks, business offices and other commercial places — delicatessen stores, naturally, excepted — and also the closing of all schools.

People expressed their thanks to You, God, by preparing sumptuous dinners. This gave grocers and butchers, turkey raisers, pie factories, brewery and distillery owners, and other commercial ladies and gentlemen, added cause for gratitude.

Railroad men gladly helped along the holiday spirit, imploring everybody to have Thanksgiving dinner with the old folks at home, especially if they lived a long distance away.

Automobile makers and repairers jumped joyously into the preparations for the day, letting it be known that if people didn't want to go home for the holiday they could go to the football games — provided they could get tickets from some friendly speculator — or they could ride out to some fashionable inn where they could have real pumpkin pie with their dinner, and the finest of imported gins.

Drumstick and Coffee

In some homes, I am sure, good people met around a festive table, and sincerely thanked You for all Your mercies and blessings during the year.

In some homes, I know, You are really loved and honored on Thanksgiving day — even by people who hurry away after the last cup of coffee so they will not miss seeing two sets of young men celebrate by trying to tear each other apart.

We have a Thanksgiving day in October, in Canada. In the United States the feast is set for the last Thursday in November. Catholics like that idea. They eat all the turkey meat they can that day, and put the carcass in the "fridge" until Saturday — when, some solemnly declare, it is even better than when it came out of

the oven.

Friends feed us here in Combermere, dear God, on both the Canadian and the Yankee holiday. They send or bring us hams and turkeys and celery and plum puddings and cranberry sauce and everything else needed, and not exactly needed, for the great dinner. And often, thank You, Lord, they bring themselves too, to our Thanksgiving table. Both days are joyous. Both days are spent in thanking You, not only for food, but for everything else we have.

We Begin with Thanks

This year, on the Canadian day, a bulldozer dug the foundation for St. Goupil's, the building we must erect for the men. The machine was scheduled to start a few days before the holiday, but it broke a fan belt and had to delay the work.

We were at Mass when we heard its motor start. And we added, to our many causes for the overwhelming gratitude we give You, this new mark of Your favor. Thank You indeed, God, for starting the work on this Thanksgiving day! It is a sign that You have listened to our prayers, that You want us to have this building.

Lord God, let me, this day, thank You for all the things You have done for me during my life. Let me thank You for my parents, my brothers and sisters, all my people, all my friends, all my teachers, all those near and dear to me. Let me thank You for my children and my grandchildren; and for those children not of my body but of my spirit, these children, and these priests, here in Madonna House.

Thy Kingdom Come

Dear God, what can I say of these boys and girls that You don't know? They are dearer to You, I realize, and nearer by far to You, than they will ever be to me — which is as it should be. They have not come here to please me, nor to please my wife, Catherine. They have come here, Lord, to please You; to give You their youth, their strength, their intelligence, their devotion, their lives and deaths. They have come here because they want to learn how to love You more and more, how to serve You better and ever better, and how to spread Your kingdom upon earth.

If I said it was good to be with such young men and women, Lord, I would be saying little. If I said it was wonderful to have them around, day and night, I would still be expressing myself inadequately. Just let me say, then, God — "Thanks for sending them here; they make life a glorious and holy adventure."

In The Same Fix

I could spend all the rest of my life, trying to thank You for all the things You have given me, all the things You have done for me, all the mercies You have showered upon me. Even so, I could never thank You enough. But then, Lord, what man ever could thank You enough — let alone such a poor specimen as I am?

The United States and Canada are in the same fix. You have

done so much for them. They can never thank You enough — not even if every priest and bishop and archbishop and cardinal sings You a high Mass on Thanksgiving day — not even if every church, Catholic, and Protestant, and Greek Orthodox, and Christian Scientist, and every synagogue and mosque, is filled with devout worshippers saying prayers of gratitude.

Maker and Giver of all things, I thank you most humbly and most heartily, for my life; for all the events and people and ideas with which You filled it; for all the beauty You have shown me; for all the inspirations You have furnished me; for all the love You have lavished on me; for all the paths through which You led me; and for the death that I will die. Whatever death it is, it will bring me to You.

A Fragrant Death

I don't think I shall be frightened, facing Your awesome majesty, Almighty God. For I know You love me more than I love myself. You want me in heaven — amazing thought — more than I want to go there. You know better than I do how worthless I am, yet You considered me worth the shedding of every drop of Your Son's blood!

I know You are infinite love and infinite mercy. Yet, if I should still falter, because of all I have done to displease and anger You, I should gain back some degree of courage in the thought that Mary would be there. Mary and all the saints I have loved and honored on earth.

And then too I shall come with garlands of prayers about my neck — like those passengers sailing on the luxury liners out of Hawaii who are covered with beautiful fragrant flowers by the friends who see them off — prayers fresh from the hothouses of love maintained by my relatives and friends, and the boys and girls, and the priests, of Madonna House, the student saints of the Lay Apostolate. Powerful prayers, God. Resistless prayers!

Thank You for all your blessings, especially for this, that death shall be devoid of fear. With all my love. Your Eddie.

COMBERMERE DIARY

Our big news of the month is the actual beginning of the boys' dormitory, that will be named after St. Rene Goupil, of the North American Martyrs.

First we had a problem in a shortage of concrete. Some of our good friends, hearing that, bought us the concrete, and other friends delivered it to Combermere. So we feel that some members of the Heavenly Hierarchy are in our corner. But it is a bit confusing, as some are praying to St. Rene Goupil, some to St. Anthony, some to St. Joseph, and some to Our Lady. But to whomsoever the gratitude goes, they can be sure of our thanks.

Speaking of thanks brings to mind that on the Canadian

(Continued on Page Four)

The Christ Child

By

Catherine Doherty

AT NIGHT
I COME TO YOU,
OH, HOLY CHILD,
BESEECHING OF
YOUR MAJESTY
JUST ONE GIFT
FOR ME.

THE GIFT
OF MAKING
MEN SEE
YOUR POVERTY

ETERNALLY
RENEWED
IN ENDLESS
STABLES COLD
AND DARK
ACROSS OUR FAIR
AND IMMENSE LAND—

STABLES WHERE
YOU ARE BORN AGAIN . . .
AGAIN . . .
IN LITTLE BABIES
WEAK AND SMALL,
WHOSE MOTHERS,
HUNGRY AND COLD,
HAVE NOT EVEN
SWADDLING CLOTHES
TO WRAP THEM IN.

THAT IS WHY
AT NIGHT
I COME
TO YOU,
OH, HOLY CHILD,
BESEECHING OF
YOUR MAJESTY
JUST THAT
ONE GIFT
FOR ME . . .

THE GIFT
OF MAKING
MEN SEE
YOUR POVERTY . . .
FOR THEN
MY EMPTY HANDS
WILL KNOW
THE WEIGHT
OF GIFTS
OF SILVER
AND GOLD
AND FRANKINCENSE

WHICH I
CAN THEN
EXCHANGE
FOR FOOD,
FOR CLOTHING,
AND FOR WOOD,
TO CLOTHE
AND FEED
AND WARM
THE POOR,
BOTH BIG
AND SMALL.

YOU ALONE
KNOW
THEIR FLIGHT,
THE HEIGHT,
AND DEPTH,
OF THEIR NEEDS
OF THEIR FEARS . . .

OH LITTLE
BABE OF
BETHLEHEM,
HELP ME
TO MAKE
MEN SEE
YOUR UTTER
POVERTY
ON EARTH . . .
SO THAT
THEY MAY
BRING GIFTS
TO FEED
AND CLOTHE
YOUR MAJESTY.

NOTICE

To whom it may concern:

This is to announce that as of October 15, 1956, I have resigned from the Executive Board, and as a Council Member, of Friendship House, United States of America.

Catherine de Hueck Doherty

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

DEATH . . . by most people the most feared event of life. The most sought by some who know neither life nor love. Death, of whom few speak. Death, of whom so many have sung. Death, mysterious and forbidding. Death, which scientists have weighed, touched, and measured — or so they think. No one remains indifferent to it.

Yet death is so simple, as all the things of God are simple. And it is as beautiful as they all are when seen in their proper setting and perspectives.

Death is never the end of anything, least of all of life. It is but the beginning of everything, especially life. Death is a goal to be reached in measured time—time measured by love. Death is the final song of love. The last bar of the great symphony life, begun on earth and ended in heaven.

Death is the seal of God upon the soul of man, holding the promise of utter and instant union with Him.

Where there is love, death is a joy beyond computing. And fear cannot enter into that joy. Death is expectation. Death is a longing.

Death is the mirror of days, that lies now shattered into a thousand pieces. Who needs it, to see through it and in it, "darkly," when now death has unsealed the eyes of the soul? These eyes see clearly Him whom the soul has sought so long.

Men speak of death in whispers . . . and dread it beyond all dreads. Those who have caught a glimpse of its face are loath to speak of it. Why? Because we have forgotten that death is but a door to life? . . . to God? . . . to light? . . . to love?

Is it, perhaps, because we are afraid of life? Or of love?

Is it perhaps, because our cities and countries resemble cemeteries already, and we are, in them, even as the living dead?

For, if our lives are self centered, if we are not our brothers' keepers, if God is but a shadow without substance to us, if our lives are grey with the dust of selfishness, greed, and idolatries . . . like worship of money, or of keeping up with the Joneses . . . or of eternal compromise with principles leading to self indulgence . . . if all, or any combination of these, are present . . . then there will be great fear of death.

For these people death becomes a blinding light that will enter the evening of their lives and allow the foolishness, the selfishness and the smallness to etch themselves against its glare. Then they will see themselves as they truly are . . . and the thought that God will see us then too . . . sends them into a hell of their own making.

But praise be to God . . . there is time for even the living dead to leave that hell. It is not yet the eternal one.

A word of sorrow, a sigh of repentance, and again we are in the brightness of God's love. And once more we can begin to love back. As we do . . . death smiles . . . and shows her gentle beautiful face, and becomes what she always was, the seal of God on the soul of His beloved.

As we pray for those who are waiting to become one with Him Whom they have now seen . . . and whose pain is but the pain of separation from Him . . . let us meditate on death. And let us pray to the Lord of Life to help us by-pass the land of waiting—Purgatory.

And let us learn to love so well, so perfectly, that all our fears may be cast out . . . even the fear of death. Amen.

PRECIOUS
in the sight
of the Lord
is the death
of His Saints

Eddies of 1956

By
Eddie Doherty

The sun is benign today. Affectionate. Tender. And as bright as it was in the splendor of July. It is the middle of October, but boys and girls sit outside Madonna House without their warm coats or jackets.

The foolish maple tree by the river, which looks at its beauty all day long — and which believes that the stars reflected in the water at night are angels guarding her perfection — has put out buds again. Exactly as it did last Spring. The rude winds have shredded her red and yellow dress to tatters, and apparently she means to get a brand new gown before the snow starts.

Ice Cubes And Buds

Wee violets have blossomed in the clumps I brought from the woods last May and planted in Our Lady's rock garden. They are no bigger than the diamond a poor girl gets for her engagement; but they are violets just the same. But it is nearer the snow line than any visitor might believe. Most of the maples and the poplars have lost their autumn finery already. Wherever one walks, the dead leaves rustle underfoot. The stained glass windows of the forest cathedrals are blank; and here and there, through the wealth of green pines and cedars, one catches tangles of gaunt bare black winter-ready branches.

Only occasionally does one see a patch of scarlet or of yellow gold in the woods. Oak leaves, perhaps, or some species of red maples. Oak leaves cling fast, even in the toughest winds. And several kinds of maple leaves are not to be blown away except by a winter's gale.

The country is sombre and sere. The sky is a grayish blue. The Madawaska is a slaty blue. The forests are a rusty brown and a dusty green. And a bare-legged girl in the river criest out: "The water's as warm as iced tea with a thousand ice cubes in it."

The sun is kind; but the year is dying just the same.

Autumn Inside

It is quite different in my room. And that's where this story lies.

On my desk, at the foot of a statue of Our Lady of the Seven Swords, lies a sizeable heap of leaves. I couldn't lie to you about them. I wouldn't say they would remind you of a handful of fragments from a broken rainbow. They wouldn't. Nor would I compare them to a pile of glowing rubies, garnets, beryls, topazes, emeralds, and other precious jewels; nor even to a heap of red and yellow gold guineas, sovereigns, or doubloons.

A visitor described them perfectly last night.

"You have brought autumn into your room."

All this summer I have been gathering these leaves, and placing them at the foot of the statue. A staunch non-Catholic might say this was proof positive that we worship idols. Let him say it.

I found the first red poplar leaf in the latter part of August. It was beautiful and fresh and gay. I brought it to Our Lady. I wanted her to have as much joy out of it as I had had. A statue cannot enjoy anything, of course. But the Queen of Heaven, who sometimes hovers, unseen, about the statue, can certainly enjoy my tribute of love, my loving thoughts of her.

A Portable Forest!

As the days passed I brought more and more leaves to her. Crimson. Scarlet. Magenta. Rich yellow. Orange. Green and red. Green and yellow. Yellow and black and brown and red. Whenever I saw a leaf with many colors in it or with unusual color combinations, or with rare beauty in its veins and structure, I brought it home in triumph. And in love and joy.

And there the heap is now. The leaves are no longer fresh; yet they are not so faded as you might think. Nor are they as brittle as those you crush beneath your heels in the woods or fields or roads or gardens.

Pink. Saffron. Blood red. Bright yellow. Greenish yellow. Purple. And weird combinations of delicate shades and hues and tints. All these delights, and more, are in that mess of leaves upon my desk!

The visitor was right. I did bring autumn into my room.

Yet I did so, unknowingly. I wasn't consciously transporting beauty from the forest to my desk. I was simply showing my love, in a child-like sort of way, to the Lady of my heart and soul. It never occurred to me, until my visitor spoke last night, that in placing my treasure so joyfully at the feet of the statue, I was laying up treasures for myself.

In making love to Mary, I discovered in that moment, I had enriched my life. I had walked in Mary's joys. And what other woman in all the long long history of women ever had such joys to share? In making love to Mary, I had been loved by Mary!

A Private Autumn!

And here I sit, like a miser guarding a private Autumn of his own, and warming his heart over a lot of simple leaves — and some sprigs of wintergreen with nice red berries clinging to them, and a few bachelor's buttons that remain as sweet a blue as when I flung them into the pile. Things wither slowly at Our Lady's feet!

Here I sit, in August and September, though it is mid-October everywhere else. And it will still be autumn here when the snows are deep in Combermere, and the winds are shrill and bitter, and the river's frozen deep from bank to bank, and the trees split with the cold in the middle of the night, and the northern lights are capering in the evening skies.

I am in the autumn of my life. Winter will soon pounce savagely upon me. I shall, perhaps, grow old and gaunt and thin and bony, like the maples and the elms.

But the splendor and the glory and the warmth of autumn will never depart from my mind or from my heart!



Rags And Riches

It has been a great adventure to fall in love with Mary, the King's fair daughter. It has given me more happiness here on earth than I deserve in heaven. It has enriched me beyond measure.

Loving Mary has been the great adventure of my life — but who can love her without also loving God? Through her I met the supreme adventure of my life. I fell in love with God!

Love is a two-way bridge. I bring little rags of leaves to Mary. She clothes me in return, with the grandeur of the royal court of heaven!

Let the chill winds blow. Let the skies drop tons and tons of snow. The gold and crimson of her love will never fade, and will always warm me, will always protect me from the winter's fury.

There are men with other heaps of treasure. There are men who have gold and silver, green and yellow backed bills, mortgages, securities, annuities, and coupons; or factories; or fleets; or acres of oil wells or vineyards or wheat or corn or uranium deposits; or blocks of skyscrapers and hotels and flats.

Not one of them is anywhere near so rich as I, with my pile of wrinkling Autumn leaves.

Not one of them knows the thousandth part of the joy I have found in making love to Mary and to God!

Christ Gave His Mother 7 Swords

By Eleanor James

(Continued from last month)

Our Lord must have had a special love for broken things. Magdalen's broken alabaster box, broken bodies, broken hearts. Broken hearts are so like His Own, broken for love of us on Calvary. Broken bodies received His tender care during His life. They receive His special care now; and if He does not heal them it is because

He wants to use a broken instrument to produce a masterpiece that will reveal His glory. He alone can give a symphonic performance on a tin whistle!

He said once, "This sickness is not unto death but for the glory of God." Illness is a cross that has a divine purpose. It is only in and through pain that some of us find love. Sometimes a long illness lets us see the deep sense of compassion in others — their care, their untiring solicitude, the selfless vigils by our bedsides. We never really know how loyal is the love of those dear to us until that love has spent itself upon our broken bodies and our tired hearts.

Give And Take

Very often we suffer from the knowledge that we cause others trouble in our illnesses, impose on their time, induce them to make countless sacrifices for us. There are times when to receive love and tenderness requires a deeper humility and a sweeter graciousness than giving needs. We must learn to receive as well as give. Thus we shall grow in gratitude — our benefactors' loveliest reward.

We must not hug to ourselves in selfish keeping the acts of kindness showered on us, but rather ask God that they will deepen and widen the love of those who lavished attentions on us — to their own benefit and to the happiness of others they will help.

Christ regards as done to Himself whatever is done to the least of His brethren. If we learn to accept favors gratefully, as acts directed to God through His creatures, we shall find love.

There is no suffering so poignant as misunderstanding, or should one say "of being misunderstood"? Sensitive people often experience real anguish when they are disappointed in others, especially those they love, or those they wish to love. They know something of the pain and loneliness Christ felt when he asked Philip, "Have you not known Me?" This pain and loneliness silences them, and silence lets them grow strong. We must learn to detect and help these silent ones. They respond so warmly, so generously, to kindness.

Those Seven Swords

Then there are misunderstandings rising out of hastily spoken words, strain, weaknesses, and rash judgments. In these circumstances we often suffer heart-break. But if we learn to love deeply enough to trust in another's affection, our wondering minds will be quieted; and our self-love will stop tormenting us.

It is hard to find love in that which is bitter. Still, the God of love often comes to us as in sackcloth and ashes, in poverty and suffering. "He came unto His Own, and His Own received Him not." That is as true today as it was in His lifetime. It requires great faith to find God in a humble appearance, a painful circumstance, a crushing misunderstanding. Yet there He is, with His arms stretched out to us.

Suffering can make us bitter, cruel, revengeful, if it is self-centered. It can make us saints, if we let it.

Our Lady's immaculate heart was pierced with seven swords of sorrow. Her Son did not call her to Tabor and His transfiguration. He called her to Calvary and His crucifixion!

NORTHERN LIGHTS

By
DIANE ZDUNICH

Tonight
The sky
Is filled with light.
A crown of it
Hangs above,
And streams of it
Flow down and up again
Into the crown.
Like the grace-blown gown
Of Our Lady.
The light embraces
All of Combermere.
Madonna House is
Right below the crown.
Our Lady's feet
Are lost in light.
These are the Northern Lights,
As you might have guessed.
They are most beautiful
And the crown does hang
Right over us.
We are her feet.
For, everywhere we go
As her slaves, she walks
With us.
And her light,
Which is her Son's,
Is the light we are given,
And which others are given
Through us.
It moves
To and fro,
And through us,
And back to her
And to Him—
Alive with brightness,
Until we, her feet,
Are lost in her glory.

THE FOURTH SAD MYSTERY

By Catherine

Green wood is heavy!
The stones are square in spots,
and sharp:
The crowd is close, so is the day.
Green wood is heavy
On a bloody back—
But heavier than it
Is — SIN.

Take it apart and look at it
Splinter by splinter
And then put it again together,
And you will not know
The secret of the wood
For it will not tell
Why it can crush the Lord
Into the depths of hell.
If wood could shrink
It would;
If wood could weep,
It would;
If wood could tear itself
Into nothingness
It would.
But it is wood
And it cannot.
Perhaps it knows why
It was so heavy—
But it won't tell.

The fourth sad mystery
Is locked
Within its wooden breast
And in the flesh of God
That bore its weight—
The weight of all your sins and
mine
And all those that came before
And will come after.
Each one can look
And touch the wood
And know how much,
How big,
How small,
Was the weight
It added to it all.
The wood almost rebelled—
But what could it do?

The sins of pride
Were right inside the spot
Where the beams meet.
The sins of lust
Went in the sharp edge
Of the transverse beam
That cut so deep
Into the bloody back
Of God.

The sins of sloth
Filled in the transverse beam
From east to west:
And drunkenness made it uneven
So that the weight of it
Was doubled in some way;
And greed took the upright part
And shared it with hypocrisy—
Upright!
But an uprightness
That was so crushing
That it made the Lord stumble,
fall.

And all the sins of envy
And of judgment—
They were there
Where wood and naked feet
Met at the heels,
And they weighed the wood down
So as to make wounds deeper
On the Sacred Feet
They hit so hard
While dragging in the dust.
The whole of it
Was like a mantle
Made of wood
That covered Him
With weight
And crushing closeness.

How strange
That love is cruciform—
And so is sin!
And that the Lord
Had to carry it
And die on it
To conquer it
And lift it
Off the soul of men
And cleanse the wood
From it
So that it too became holy.
The Fourth Sad Mystery
Is written for us
In wood.

We Are All A Family

How can you help thinking
when you see a society in which
human beings are treated as
"hands" or political units that it
must be a society which has forgotten
how to love? How can you
help thinking when you see a
society in which there is much
lust and a welter of sentiment
that it must be a society which
has destroyed love? And if so,
then why bother to make blue-
prints for a world society — the
first thing is to rebuild the home.
We are all a family. You cannot
build a world society by reason
alone; imagine a home which was
run by reason alone — it would
not be a home but a hell. We
shall not be rid of injustice and
hatred and war until we have
learnt how to love. It is so obvious
that it seems a platitude; but we
forget that to love is to say, "It
is thyself"; to love is to reverence
and worship, to be temperate and
tender.

Gerald Vann, O.P.
—The Heart of Man.

THE B'S CORNER

So many of our readers write for more details on the life, the work, and even the factual description of Madonna House, that I feel I should try to give them at least a bird's eye description.

But words are weird. They express so much, go so deep, reach so high, and yet often, very often, they fall short of "the vision of the whole," which in some way must be seen and felt by one, almost "experientially." For the spirit of a place is elusive, and certainly ours seems to be. Every so often, even those who have been reading our paper for years and who have corresponded with us long and intimately, are amazed when they come to Madonna House, meet the staff, see the premises, and experience what they themselves acknowledge as "that something that can not be put into words" . . . the spirit, the heart, or soul, of the place!

Madonna House Inc.

Madonna House is so many things-in-one that truly one does not quite know where to begin. It is a place, geographically speaking. It is a group of buildings, which almost earned it locally the name of Madonna Village. It is an Apostolate, a Movement, a Secular Institute. It is a very special way of life. It is also a group of people working, training, studying, a Community in fact.

In the eyes of the law, it is Madonna House Inc. — incorporated under the laws of the Province of Ontario, Canada, as a charitable non-profit organization; and operating under the direction of the Roman Catholic Church and its official representative, the Most Reverend William J. Smith, Bishop of Pembroke, as a Rural Settlement House and a Training Center for its Staff.

You see what I mean, dear friends? Madonna House is so many-faceted it is hard to describe. Yet when you probe deeper, it really is very simple. It is a shell housing a group (ever growing) of people in love with God. They give their lives to loving Him and their neighbor, and to serving both in utter dedication, under the Counsels of Perfection, taken under vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

Madonna House is located half a mile from the village of Combermere, about 200 miles from Toronto, and about 125 miles west of Ottawa, in the lovely Ottawa Valley. See your maps. Cold and factual description, eh what?

Sit back in your arm chair, and listening to the crackling fire, if you have one, this wintry day, follow me leisurely, and see . . .

Ain't Nature Grand?

Towering forests, mostly of regal pine trees, the masters and kings of all they survey. Here and there they have allowed their serried ranks to be pushed back by blue rivers, and wide cool lakes. Mountains rebelled against them, sometime in the long ago, and rose with a great upheaval. But the forest reconquered them, and from the windows of Madonna House you can see mountains tamed by acres of tall handsome trees.

Mountains and forests surround us, and a wide blue river winds half way around us. Beauty austere, yet warm, teaches us deep lessons about God the Creator. We love this northland. This far-out-of-the-way place. You will too, when you see it—Come soon

Here and there, war was waged between man and forest. Where man won, villages, towns and even cities flourish. Yet not too far away the forest waits to reconquer should man cease to be vigilant. Combermere is such a village. Madonna House is such a clearing.

As you come down the country road, which our property spans at one point, you see first MH itself, a big white wooden building, trimmed with blue, containing the Chapel, the community room (dining room, library, and recreation room all in one), the kitchen, the quarters of men Staff Workers, Eddie's room, my room and office, and the chaplain's quarters.

Hen and Chicks

Across the road is St. Martha's House, which shelters the Senior Female Staff Workers. It also has our business office, the office of this paper—*Restoration*—and a clothing center. From its windows Madonna House looks like a mother-house with several little cottages holding on to her skirts. Blessed Martin's is our dispensary and sick-bay. St. Peter's, which once was the visiting clergy's cottage, now takes in the overflow of Female Staff Workers. St. Veronica's is a special cottage for married visitors and those who need once-in-a-while privacy. Across a little side stream

of the mighty Madawaska river stands a lovely hand-hewn log cabin for priests. It is named after St. Catherine of Sienna, who loved priests so much.

Barely begun, the basement of St. Goupil's, the future residence of our men Staffers, marks the birth of a new Madonna House child. Nearby are the woodshed, the tool shed, and the apary shed. These complete the physical description of Madonna House grounds and property. But a little further down the road, closer to the village itself, stands St. Joseph's, the 125-year-old former trappers' inn which is well-known to all our visitors as it serves as the hostel for most of them.

House of Gold

A mile away high in the hills that surround us is Madonna House farm number one — called "the House of Gold." There the "Farm Staff," three young men, live in a cozy little old house. Here too are our three cows, two calves, 250 chickens, a pair of guinea fowls, ten rabbits, and seven pigs. The little house is utterly dwarfed by the out-buildings that house animals and the hay.

St. Ann's, Farm Number Two, belonging to Madonna House, is our woodlot. (Yes we get our own wood to heat ourselves with now.) On it is a lovely remodelled farm house that is home to ten or twelve female Staff Worker Applicants and Visiting Volunteers. It has five acres or so of arable land — the rest FORESTS TO BURN.

Here too, is located our Cana Colony, which I wrote about last month. It is about three miles from Madonna House.

FOR CHRISTMAS

WE STILL NEED — OH SO VERY MUCH — MONEY, CANDIES, TOYS, AND ALL KINDS OF MISCELLANEOUS LITTLE GIFTS TO MAKE TWO THOUSAND CHILDREN HAPPY . . . PLEASE.

Still further down the road (you can't get farms too close together hereabouts; the forest sees to that) is Marianhill, our latest farm addition. Eventually our "home for old staff workers" will be located here — if ever a Staff Worker gets old in this life where "our youth is renewed like the eagle's."

The House of Gold farm is not ours. It belongs to a dear friend, who generously lets us have the use of its 180 acres. St. Ann's and Marianhill are ours. Between them they have 320 acres.

House of Work

So much for the physical description of Madonna House's sprawling domain. What of its work?

Perhaps I better list its "departments" which will give a slight idea of the factual "work." House-keeping Department — kitchen, laundry, cleaning, sewing. Maintenance Department — I leave that to your imagination. Machinery, cars, trucks, houses, cottages, tools, household appliances, repairs of all kinds . . . an endless work never finished. Library Department. A Catholic Lending Library by mail (the only one of its kind in Canada). Four of the Staff work at it, day in and day out.

The Nursing Department is a full time job for four nurses. The Social Service Department, like nursing, covers some 100 miles in diameter, serving many needs. The Clothing Center — to which the whole population from around about 100 miles comes, supplies their needs in that line (and they are many). The Recreation Department is maintained for local youth. Weekly 60 to 70 young people and children are taken care of. The Business Office occupies the days of four staff workers. Bookkeeping, card indexing and filing, letter writing, etc.

There is also Restoration Department, from which you regularly (we hope) receive your paper. There is the Summer School office, that prepares and arranges for speakers, and deals with the immense job of organizing the whole affair. There is the Farm Department which is, to say the least, a busy and vital one; and the Carpentry shop, a part of the Maintenance Department. It grows so big that soon it will be on its own. There is the Adult Education Department, which helps older folks to widen their horizons.

Add to this the Training Center Department . . . for Madonna House is the training place for all its future personnel, Staff Workers, etc., and you have an idea of the FACTUAL DAILY WORK DONE IN THE PLACE. Or at least I hope you have.

Our Days and Nights

What of our day? It begins at 7.15 with everyone at Chapel for

meditation. Seven-thirty Mass. Followed by Prime, the morning hour official prayer of the Church. Breakfast until 8.45. Work until noon. At 12 the dinner bell tolls. Spiritual reading follows dinner, for half an hour. Work again till 4 p.m. Then a break for tea. Only 15 minutes. Work again. Supper at 6 p.m., followed by the official evening prayer of the Church — Compline, and the Rosary.

After that it depends. Study, maybe. Reading. Business meetings of department heads and workers. Educational movies on relevant topics. Recreation too. But often more work — with children, adults, the sick, and others. SUCH IS OUR DAY. It ends at 11 p.m. when all the lights go out.

Finances for all this? They come from you and other good friends, via begging. Overhead is kept low, low. The Staff is clothed from the second-hand clothing room. Food is grown on our farms. It is quite cheap. A good meal costs about ten cents per person. The main expenses are for heat, gas for cars going on mercy errands, and for building. We grow so fast, we must keep building.

I have tried to give a word picture. Yet I have failed. For where are the words to describe the joy of living together for Christ, of spending every minute in His service, of never counting the cost in time or effort, of having but one desire — to love more and to serve better.

No. I have not done justice to Madonna House, nor to you. Better, dear friends, come and see yourself.

Make it soon. God bless you.

The Outer Circle Letter Number 136

In our last letter we discussed the tragedy of modern pressures, of the scourge of our days, neurosis, and of the need to break somewhere, somehow, the vicious cycle of immature neurotic adults entering the hardest vocation of all — marriage — unprepared emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually with the tragic results, seen all around us, of broken marriages and an endless line of youth, unmoored and rudderless, wandering on the seal of life without goal or port.

It was needful to point out this modern tragedy that has such deep repercussions locally, nationally, and internationally. But pointing it out is not enough. Remedies must be found to overcome to possessiveness and the lack of understanding on the part of modern parents, schools, and even some parishes.

Proper Vocations

We spoke of one remedy, the acquiring of NATURAL KNOWLEDGE of man's mind, body function, and the working out of human emotions, as well as their proper roles in human lives. I mentioned a few books that would help the laity to get the beginnings of the right knowledge. I would like to mention two others in case this letter be read by nuns or priests. For the former CHASTITY published by Blackfriars, 34 Bloomsbury Sq., London, England, will be invaluable. For the latter, MEDICAL GUIDE TO VOCATION, BY RENE BIOT, M.D., and PIERRE GALIMARD, M.D., will be an immense help in appraising and guiding souls into their proper vocations.

This series of letters, however, is being written for parents. So it is to them, and to those about to enter into this holy vocation, that I address myself. It is with them that I would like predominantly to share the few ideas life has brought me in my many years of dealing with the problems under discussion.

Natural knowledge will help to clear away the mist of old wives' tales, half-truths, and untruths, that have been the bane of all sane thinking through the centuries. But natural knowledge is not enough. On it must be based the supernatural knowledge, which alone can free man from the bondage of fears, uncertainty, and all the allied ills — spiritual, emotional and physical — that go with it.

Now To Begin!

If one has received a Catholic education through life, one is lucky indeed. Yet even then, as in the case of a partial secular or completely secular education, one must now deepen one's knowledge of God and the things of God. Some may have to start at the beginning — the Catechism. Others may organize for themselves a course of reading. (Incidentally our library stands ready to furnish bibliographies for any subjects of interest to parents in Canada.) Catholic literature for laymen has grown rapidly in the last decade, and wonderful books are available to those interested.

Slowly, we begin to understand that the Catholic Faith is not only a matter of attending Mass on Sundays, of not eating meat on Fridays, and of going to confession once a month. (Even these obligatory practices of Catholicism are but means to an end.) It is a way of life that embraces every minute of our waking and sleeping hours, permeates our lives at work, at home, in school, on a date, from the cradle to the grave. Then a change will take place in our hearts, and the ultimate goal of life will stand out clearer and clearer.

We shall know, and understand well, that WE HAVE BEEN CREATED TO LOVE, AND THAT ALL VOCATIONS WE MAY EMBRACE, INCLUDING MARRIAGE, ARE VOCATIONS TO LOVE.

LOVE WHOM? GOD AND NEIGHBOR. WHY? TO ENJOY UNION WITH GOD (THE BEATIFIC VISION) FOR ETERNITY . . . FOR FUNDAMENTALLY, WE SHALL BE JUDGED ON "HOW WE LOVED," as St. Augustine said.

House of Our Soul

God then will cease to be a distant nebulous Being, and become our daily Companion — Little by little we shall cease to look at life with the eyes of men . . . and begin to see it with the eyes of God. A great change, a great peace, will come to us. And we shall have begun to put the house of our soul in order.

With this book knowledge, prayer must go hand in hand. And with prayer and knowledge, the reception of the Sacraments by parents and children will become more frequent. The supernatural foundations will be laid for a healthy, orderly, happy Catholic life — and the vicious circle of neurotic self-centered existence, rendering God lip service only, and spawning unhappiness for oneself and one's offspring, will be a thing of the past.

A few "how tos" will remain to be solved. These will, in reality, amount to techniques of indoctrinating all that went above into the family circle. Strangely enough, the first of these techniques is to return to real home-making. That would mean mother busy only at her true role of mother, home-maker, and wife, and father working as the bread winner.

Next should come meals.

Out with The Nook!

It is wonderful, of course, to have a lovely modern kitchen with a breakfast nook. But breakfast nooks were not made for large families, nor are they conducive to home atmosphere. They rather imitate the corner drug store where a bunch of skinny kids pile into a booth and order hot dogs and cokes. No. Let the dining room, or the big kitchen, if there is one, become once again the heart of the family.

Let the meal begin on time, and all the members of the family be on time for it, washed, and ready to eat good home-made food. Maybe even the soup tureen could reappear and father learn how to carve poultry and roasts. Let the meal be leisurely, started with prayer and ended with prayer. A thoughtful meal, where everyone watches for the needs of the others. A relaxed meal, where the whole family shares the events and happenings of the day.

The breaking of the bread is a holy and joyous occasion always — or should be. Christ used bread, to feed us with Himself. It was at a meal that He instituted the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. In all ages, and in all climes, meals had sacred connotations of hospitality, of sharing, of completion and joy. In all ages, alas, except in our rushing purposeless days!

Taste And See

It is through meals that children are easily taught the feast days of the year. It is through them they learn much of their Holy Faith. For meals always, or almost always accompanied God's way with man. The passover . . . and bitter herbs. The desert — and Manna.

Through centuries many dishes have become symbols of feasts. Why not find out about COOKING WITH CHRIST? This can be obtained at the Rural Conference offices in Dubuque, Iowa, or through your booksellers. Try it. You will be amazed how much you can teach your family through cooking and meals.

Reading together is another lost art. Father reading aloud to the children from babyhood up. It should be revived. And have you ever written to the Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, 1, Minn., for their card games, cut-outs, and table games that teach religion in fun? If not, do write them by all means. You will be surprised at the wealth of their assortments.

Young mothers worried about how to start catechetical in-

(Continued on Page Four)

A Lay Apostle Takes Root In The Yukon

By Mary Ruth

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon — One thing I shall always remember about my departure from Madonna House. I shall tuck it away in a corner of my heart yet try to keep it always before me whenever I must say goodbye to people and places I have loved. For ours is a life of change, of separation, as we go from one assignment to another in this glorious vocation.

It was about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The time had come for the prayers for the travelers . . . those lovely old prayers B always says asking Our Lady "to cover you with the blue mantle of her love and keep you safe; and bring you first to your earthly home and then to that of her Son in Heaven."

Only In Space

Before saying them, however, she gathered me into her arms with her big, motherly hug, which says so much; and all the self-control I had hoped to have at that last moment fell at my feet and left me clinging to her. It was then that she whispered into my ear — those words I shall keep always: "Remember child, there is no separation in time — only in space."

The next few moments were more or less lost in a haze, but driving down the road with Dick and Ronnie I began to ponder these words. I began to see how true they were; and what a meditation they could be. Behind us in the yard the "Salve Mater" died away, and the group was scattering and returning to the house. Already I was beginning to feel closer than ever to the kids with whom I had worked, played, prayed for three years . . . those kids I had known so intimately and loved so much!

They had stood like a bulwark behind me, there in the yard, and their love and prayers would follow me wherever I might go. Our family devotion would deepen with the passing of time, for we belong to the great family of Our Lady: "Domus Dominae," and are united specially every morning in the great Agape of her Son.

Who then, could talk of separation?

O That Rhubarb Pie!

At Edmonton, Dot and some of the volunteers met Mamie and me at the train and drove us to Marian Centre. We stopped before the building with the blue and white sign and stepped onto the porch. No sign of anyone. Then from behind the bush came singing: "Welcome home, to you!" and Terry, Phil, Alvina, Edith and Marie rushed upon us with big hugs of welcome. Truly we did feel at home.

It was like another Madonna House at Marian Centre, with the same spirit of love. Supper was long and chatty and delicious. They had killed "the fatted" hen for us and Edith had made her special rhubarb pie which she served with ice cream. It was late when we knelt in the tiny little chapel to say good-night and to thank God for a safe journey that far.

After our two days' visit our C.P.A. plane pointed its nose northward. A flaming red sunset appeared, changing into a sea of gold at our left and scattered the clouds which seemed to play tag with our plane. They chased it; then floated over its wings; they formed a downy-looking pillow below us. Darkness moved in and we climbed to 11,000 feet over the mountains and roared our way along what someone called "the footless halls of air."

Dance of Welcome

It was then I saw them, in all their glory, spread along the sky in a great, mighty arch — long, white, delicate fingers of light reaching high into the heavens! — The northern lights!

They seemed to be welcoming us . . . as the sudden burst of footlights announces the show is about to begin! I may see the aurora borealis many many times again but never could they possibly give me quite such a thrill!

Our big plane didn't set us down very gently in Whitehorse. Truly we could say we "dropped in!" A wind prevented the usual landing and it had to be more abrupt. I saw Fr. Gene waiting for us. A rush of claiming baggage followed and then we were safely in "Mickey" . . . the famous "Mickey," the half-ton truck, which had travelled over 4000 miles to bring Mamie and Louie and Kay here to Whitehorse two and a half years ago.

Soon after we arrived at Maryhouse and "smothered" each other in greetings. Kay and Louie were waiting up for us. Louie had been flashing the lights of Maryhouse as our plane came in hoping we would see them.

Four Little Indians

In the cheery living room we sat and talked and talked, then talked some more. We sat and just enjoyed looking at each other and being together again. Kay had much to tell of the happenings while Mamie was away, and Louie had cute tales of his four Indian boys, who are now living here and going to school.

Our Lady of the Yukon, Pray for us.



He was still somewhat overcome at the prospect of becoming a "foster father" to these teen-age boys! They call him "Schiskidia," which means "brush cut."

The day after my arrival I was introduced to the neighbors. There was a knock on the door. I opened it to a miniature "Davy Crockett," about four years old, clasping a bag in his chubby, little hands.

"What is this?" I asked. Davy's expression didn't change. He continued to study me quizzically. "Roll-th," he replied. They were delicious home-baked rolls which his mother, Mrs. Lerner, sends us every now and again. That is typical of the friendliness here—neighbors dropping in with little offerings of their kindness which warm your heart and make you feel at home.

You ask how I like the Yukon? So far I like it very much. But three weeks is hardly enough to say how I may feel about it three years from now. But it strikes me as a land of challenge . . . of opportunity . . . opportunity to bring out the best in a person or disclose the worst.

Not far beyond us, to the north and northeast, lies a land many times blessed and hallowed by the blood of martyrs; priests who had the courage to face death in opening up these lands to the Church.

Heroes of Today

Over the trails of their blood walk the heroes of today, their successors. They are no longer in danger of martyrdom, yet they face it daily in a thousand lesser ways than death. They are as silent about their trials and tribulations as the great snows over which their huskies race. Frequently they visit us and we feel that Maryhouse is blessed by their presence.

No doubt, if I remain here very long, I shall see great changes in the Yukon, because it is growing and expanding and we will grow and expand with it. But one thing will never change. I will ever be in love with it, ever find in it great joy — the beauty in the mountains and in the skies.

Always I will be thrilled at the Northern lights flinging their halo of soft pink and pale yellow in a great arc over Maryhouse, and flickering like a heavenly beacon upon us. And always my spirits will soar as I view the snow-capped peaks of these majestic mountains, glittering at sunset when they wrap a golden stole across their shoulders, or rising brightly in the morning, with their rosy nighties on.

"I lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

SAINT GOUPIL'S

(Continued from Page One)

with such practical things as cement, stones, wood, roofing, etc., not to mention the most practical of them all — COSTS. Anyhow, our nice Mr. Carl wanted then and there to get down to hard brass tacks. So we did. The first thing he tackled was the cellar. The cellar we had planned NOT to build this time. St. Goupil's was to be cellar-less, for the cost of a cellar, 60' by 28', seemed to us prohibitive.

But Mr. Carl, with crystal clarity, and figures to match it, showed us that this idea was silly. He reminded us that if the boys' sleeping quarters was truly an unholy mess of overcrowding, so was the maintenance shop, which occupied the same Madonna House basement. Why transfer this confusion to the new place? Why not a separate maintenance room, a cellar, and a separate dormitory? He painted the grimmest picture ever, and predicted that we would have to build a "maintenance shop" someday, and it would cost three times the amount of a cellar. That, he said, would not be fair to our benefactors. St. Goupil's, with a cellar, would cost only a fraction of what a separate building later would require.

Costs And Costs

We listened with a sinking feeling, yet we could see the full validity of his arguments. So, taking ALL my courage in hand — I ventured the 64 dollar question — "HOW MUCH WILL THE TOTAL BUILDING OF ST. GOUPIL'S COST?"

You would think that a simple question requiring a simple answer in figures. But not! The good contractor went on to point out to us that we better clearly understand what is meant by "building." There was the cellar. There was the main floor, with its laundry equipment, its sewing rooms, its ironing rooms, and the miles of shelves needed for housing our linen supply. (With 816 people passing through Madonna House in a year, and with Summer Schools and a constantly growing staff, we need lots of such shelves and rooms) and there was the second floor, a dormitory with three showers, basins, and toilets. There was also the plumbing, the electrical wiring, the painting . . . the . . .

His voice went on and on . . . and I saw the immense (to me) sum of six or seven thousand dollars I was begging for, multiply itself by two . . . three . . . four. Thousands of dollars we didn't have were dancing a slow tango before my eyes.

St. Goupil came back to me, bidding me "take it easy" . . . for he had good news to impart.

He had gone to Mary, the gracious mother of God, and talked things over with her. And she, good housewife that she is, informed him that I had figured my total badly. He added that we needed new laundry equipment. Hadn't we washed, during the last week of summer school, 250 sheets and an endless stream of blankets, pillow cases and the like, in two ordinary broken-down machines? And hadn't things in general come to such a pass at Madonna House that St. Goupil's just had to be built to give space and increase the efficiency of the place? Things were seriously bogging down for lack of both.

Fifteen Thousand!

She added that vocations would increase, and also the requests from Bishops. The simplest thing to do was to face the facts — start anew, let our friends know the truth, and pray and beg for FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS INSTEAD OF SEVEN THOUSAND.

When I "came to," Mr. Carl was talking, gently confiding that FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS SHOULD TRULY COVER EVERYTHING! Then he relapsed into his companionable silence. It felt like the silence I had known once after Warsaw had been thoroughly bombed by the Nazis!

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! We might as well ask for the moon . . . we had on hand THREE THOUSAND from an anonymous donor, and FIVE HUNDRED from other good friends. That left us with a balance of ELEVEN THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED, TO GET!

It was nice of St. Goupil to have "talked the matter over" with Mary. It was most gratifying to have her understand the problem as one woman to another. But still . . . there it was! We had to beg the difference . . . and leave the opening of hearts and pocket books to her, and to our three adventuresome saints.

The only thing to do in a case like this is to go and pray. So to the Chapel I went. And there I prayed. Suddenly a brilliant (at least I thought so) idea came to me. WHY NOT BEG IN KIND?

Instead of Cash

We have many friends who must be in business, businesses

that deal in the things we need: LUMBER . . . NAILS . . . CEMENT . . . SECOND HAND BATHROOM FIXTURES . . . PLUMBING EQUIPMENT . . . ELECTRICAL WIRING, AND SUCH. PERHAPS IF I BEGGED FOR MONEY, AND FOR THESE, I WOULD NEED LESS MONEY!

Does it make sense to you, dear readers? Be it as it may, here I am, begging for things to build with. Men understand these things. For every item sent, less money will be needed. And often it is easier for people to send goods than cash. Maybe it is easier for you? Then our shipping address is MADONNA HOUSE, VIA C.N.R., TO BARRY'S BAY, ONT., CANADA.

Life is never static at Madonna House, but since I really got to know St. Goupil, life has become positively dynamic. Anything can happen in the next five minutes . . . and probably will!

St. Goupil, don't forget! You are committed to this now. And pray for me. Do pray for me . . . and for all those who help us.

Looks At Books

THE NUN'S STORY, KATHRYN HULME, LITTLE, BROWN. Most assuredly this is a strange book. Very well written. Evidently biographical, yet possessing that intangible quality of a beautifully written novel. Certainly a life such as described between its pages would easily lend itself to several novels. So well is it written that not for a moment does the attention of the reader flag, or his interest wane.

Yet it is a book that will leave the mature Catholic reader uneasy. To the non-Catholic, it will, in some unaccountable way, justify all his prejudices about religious life and convents, and give additional fodder for attacking both. To the young it will bring doubts or fears. Undoubtedly it may keep many from entering upon a religious vocation.

And all this the book will do in an intangible manner. For over and over again its very language is used to imply something not quite said, a thought not quite finished but left hanging in the air . . . for the reader to complete, as he sees fit.

The heroism of the central character is drawn quite clearly, her doubts, temptations, and reactions forming its background. The whole is presented with the consummate skill of a mature writer. Yet that very skill confuses. What is worse, it seems to have been used just for that purpose, or, perhaps, for the purpose of justifying what in truth has no justification — the complete omission of the very essence of religious life, that which gives all it has without asking for any return because its ultimate goal is Love itself — God!

Perhaps there still exists such convents as the one described in the book, but this reviewer, who knows most of the European Convents truly doubts there is one so lacking in warmth and joy, as described in this book.

It is a well written book. In its way it is a literary gem. But there are precious stones that have a cold chiseled beauty, so evident that few of their hapless owners would wish to wear them. This is just such a "gem."

COMBERMERE DIARY

(Continued from Page One)

Thanksgiving Day, October 8th, the bulldozer dug the cellar for Goupil's, and also we welcomed 35 guests for that week-end. During September we were happy to have as guests Dick Parker's parents and Mary Kay Rowland's parents, and in October, Cathy Maynard's parents.

We don't believe that up to the present we have published the names of our lambs. They are most original — Agnes and Angela! We might also mention that Scappy, our brown canine member of the family, on the Feast of St. Francis, September 17th, presented us with a progeny of several puppies — three of which were brown. You will probably meet them next summer when they will come barking to greet you.

Also, along the building line, we are happy to report that St. Anne's farm house, which will be a winter dormitory for the girls, will feature the first shower bath in our apostolate! Also at the Cana Colony, the cook-shack, as we call it, has been finished. At present we are trying to think of a Saint's name for it and will probably tell you what the lucky choice is in a following issue.

The foundations for a garage are also being poured this fall.

We hope that our American readers have as pleasant a Thanksgiving in November as we enjoyed in October. We had turkey too!

All-Saint's Day



Cut by Keith Holden

A Real Christian

Dear Mrs. Doherty — I am enclosing \$1.00 to renew my subscription to Restoration. I cannot afford NOT to send it, even though it was difficult to do so.

No one can really afford not to help, even in a small way, God's business. And our business, yours AND mine, is His.

Three rooms of my small home are given to needy bed-fast persons. I am a practical nurse — and Doctors KNOW I will care for their aged sick. Many have no money and no kin that will care for them. Many are covered with filth and vermin — yet not one is ever refused food and shelter AND love.

I NEVER HAVE any money. I get some once in awhile, but it is not for me. The needs I have unfilled does not pain me as much as the blindness (spiritual) of so many. No one is so blind as the one who WON'T see.

Perhaps I could do more if I asked for donations (the needs are great indeed) but we are the only Catholic family within miles and as we are converts (recent) we are considered outside the pale in our town, until HELP is needed. Then we are indeed one with the others, and we never refuse.

I have no help and do my cooking, cleaning, laundry, and patient-care — also am getting my son ready (I pray) for Confirmation. We go to Mass seven miles away when we get a ride. My day usually lasts 14 to 18 hours. I read and study (K. of C. books) at night. Reading is my only indulgence.

May we hope for your prayers that the Faith will spread in our 1,000 mile mission territory? We are the poorest county in Kentucky and have about 14 Catholics. We need many prayers. Sincerely, Jessie Atkinson, Brodhead, Kentucky.

OUTER CIRCLE LETTER

(Continued from Page Three)

structions on their own, tell your troubles to the same Guild. Their advisors will show you a variety of most interesting ways, fascinating ways. You may be surprised at how much YOU will learn, teaching their way!

Knowledge of God

Worried about sex instruction for the very young or the teen aged? Thomas More Book Store, Chicago, will send you a list of books that will take a heavy load off your shoulders. The Paulist Press on East 59th St., N.Y., will supplement their list with pamphlets. Conception Abbey, Conception, Mo., has wonderful ideas about Advent wreaths, and Christmas family prayers that will bring this wonderful season right into your home with all its beautiful lessons.

Write for the catalogue of books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc., on celebrating great feast days of the year, to the St. John Abbey Press, Collegeville, Minn., and from them you will get an infinite variety of helps that perhaps you did not suspect existed.

Looking for proper Crib? What is a Catholic home without Christ and His Crib at Christmas? Ade Bethune's St. Leo's Shop, 118 Washington St., Newport, Rhode Island, has them in many varieties. From her too you can get truly liturgical Christmas cards.

Yes, many are the ways and techniques to bring the knowledge of God to parents and children. If you have a specific problem or question to ask, and if you think we can help you, do not hesitate to ask it. Gladly will we assist you to restore the home to Christ in the full sense of the word.

Simplify Your Piety

You might like this — taken from the words of Our Lord to Sister Mary of the Trinity:

"There is no need to communicate to others what I tell you for yourself — except to your Father, from whom nothing must be hidden.

But write what may be of use to other souls to simplify their piety and to teach them how to plunge directly into the Source within themselves, I in them, with My demands and My prodigality . . . If only they understood Me, how many souls would better utilize their efforts, and their capacity for generosity and love which lies latent within them! They do not know it and others do not know how to awaken it within them. Routine has extinguished the interior fire of My words.

"I wish each soul to understand that she has her special place in My Heart which awaits her; that her love is necessary to Me; and her co-operation necessary — that I need to see her happy and perfect — because I have loved her even to dying on the Cross for her — yes, each soul.

"I wish every soul to know that she has a greater motive for living than herself, one outside herself; to take part in the establishment of My Kingdom — and that her taking her part is necessary to Me in order that My creation may achieve the fullness of its destiny.

"I wish that every soul would establish this Kingdom within herself, and that, in the light which order and silence bring, she would discover that I am there in the core of her heart, waiting for her, ready to converse with her.

"When I see that a soul listens to Me and will keep My words, then I speak to her.

"As your physical life is dependent on the help of your brothers, so is your spiritual life.

"It is necessary for your mind to open itself to other minds in order to communicate with them, and also in order to receive the words of those who are my servants, ABOVE ALL OF MY PRIESTS, WHO PASS ON MY DOCTRINE, WHO SPEAK AS MY 'OTHER SELVES'."

P. S.

Our Staff
Would Appreciate
Any Gifts of
(USED OR NEW)
SKIS
SKI BOOTS
SKI PANTS
SKI POLES
and/or
TOBOGGANS

IT'S STILL TRUE, RED

(William A. Whalen, a contributor and reader, suggests Restoration reprint this bit from Thomas Babbington Macaulay — a Protestant.)

"There is not, and there never was on this earth a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre.

The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the 19th century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, 'til it is lost in the twilight of fable.

"The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay or a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those which landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.

"Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments which now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all.

"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

FOR YOUR CARDS

Christmas cards and Crib, now, thanks be to God, are really coming back into their own. For what is a Christmas House without a Christmas Crib . . . and who wants to send out Christmas Cards that do not carry the very heart of Christmas, THE BIRTHDAY OF CHRIST, THE LORD, symbolically or directly?

Yet thinking Catholics are still confronted with the problem of true Christian art, and not a sentimental, sugary, watered-down conception of the immense and infinite act of THE INCARNATION OF THE SECOND PERSON OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

Where can you get the right kind of Crib and Cards? Today, in many places. Among them are: ST. LEO'S SHOP INCORPORATED, 118 Washington St., Newport, Rhode Island, there one can get the CHRISTMAS CARDS and NEW CRIB SETS MADE BY THAT WONDROUS CATHOLIC ARTIST — ADE BETHUNE, AT REASONABLE PRICES.

PRO DECIMO PRESS, Box 53, Baden Station, St. Louis, Mo., also carries a full line of LITURGICAL AND ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARDS, REASONABLY PRICED. CONCEPTION ABBEY PRESS, Conception, Mo.

ST. JOHN ABBEY PRESS, Collegeville, Minn., U.S.A.

We do not accept paid advertisements in Restoration. We mention the above people and places because THEY ARE PART OF THE APOSTOLATE OF RESTORING THE WORLD TO CHRIST.

TO SIGMUND FREUD

By IRIS BERNSTEIN

Sigmund Freud, I see you sitting crosswise
On an Oriental carpet, brooding
O'er a grey cocoon.—Ah! your hand unties
A sticky silken strand—now eluding
Careful fingers, now becoming
double-plies
How the clever bands resist denuding!
How they keep their secret from your eyes!

You're undaunted, all persistence,
'til
You find the single start which marks the end
Of the spun-out case. Now the patient will
Of fascination helps you slip the bend
Of each uncoiling loop deftly from the still
Chaotic spool. Be you careful not to rend
This thread which shivers, 'tis so fragile.

Well, let us give you your success.
See there—
Naked to all viewers lies the basic core
Of human being. Tell me, is it fair
To look upon, or comes it forth with a roar
Of anger and the anguish of despair?
Alas, 'tis no creature that may soar
Above earth's thin and slender band of air.

'Tis nothing, formless, shapeless, void of hue,
For you have lost the essence of a man:
Those silver bands that lie in heaps around you,
The mystifying object which began
All your endeavor, this wondrous thing which grew
Itself unknowing, an unknowable plan,
Must be entire seen to be seen true.

Christmas All Year

Time for selecting Christmas presents is running short. Have you thought of everything for everybody? Why not give an unusual gift this year? Why not give subscriptions to Madonna House Library — if your friends live anywhere in Canada. For \$1 you can bring them four books a month, every month for a year. They will have to pay no postage mailing the books back to us. They use a government frank. Send your dollar, and the name of your friend, to Miss Mary Rowland, Madonna House, Combermere, Ont. — and let your pal enjoy Christmas throughout all of 1957.

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